

SAVE MONEY-SAVE TIME

New Easy Way

MAKES BUTTON HOLES

ON YOUR OWN SEWING MACHINE

MY! BUT IT'S EXPENSIVE TO HAVE BUTTON-HOLES MADE. I DON'T PLEASE



WHAT YOU NEED IS A BUTTON-HOLE MAKER LIKE THIS... IT COSTS ONLY \$1.00 AND FITS ON YOUR SEWING MACHINE - AND IT'S SO SIMPLE TO OPERATE!



THIS IS MARVELOUS! FROM NOW ON I'LL MAKE ALL MY OWN BUTTON-HOLES



JUST LOOK AT ALL THESE BUTTON-HOLES I MADE! AND IT WAS REALLY FUN.

I KNEW YOU'D LOVE IT! AND YOU CAN DARN HOSE AND SEW ON BUTTONS & ZIPPERS WITH IT.

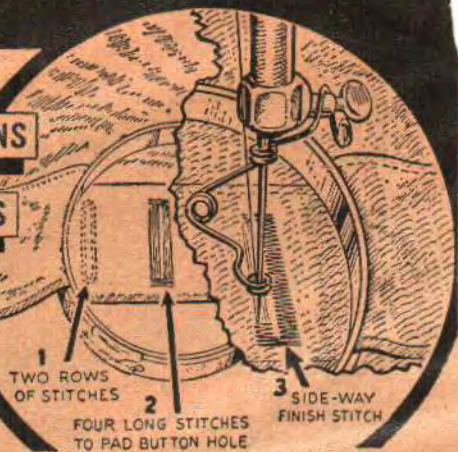


SEW ON BUTTONS

DARN STOCKINGS

ATTACH ZIPPERS

MEND TEARS



NEW! IMPROVED! NOTHING LIKE IT! **2 for 1 offer \$1.00** Now only **\$1.00**

Once dreaded by every woman, now sensational new invention makes button-hole making as easy as basting a hem. Twice as neat results in half the time too! Fits any sewing machine ... attaches in a moment. In our wonderful offer you get not one ... but TWO of these valuable attachments. Simple to use. Complete with hoop for darning stockings, button-hole guide and easy directions in pictures. Test at our risk.

EXTRA... NEEDLE THREADER

Prompt action brings you marvelous time-saving, eye-saving needle threader. Write today!

SEND NO MONEY • ORDER NOW

Just send your name. When you receive your new improved button-hole attachment and gift needle threader, deposit only \$1.00 plus C.O.D. charges thru postman on guarantee if you aren't delighted, you may return for one dollar refund. Or send cash with order, we pay postage Special ... 3 sets for \$2.50 NOW. Mail your name and address to:

RUSH THIS COUPON TODAY

LONDON SPECIALTIES, Dept. 175
8505 S. Phillips, Chicago, Illinois

Send my Button Hole Maker and Extra Needle Threader at once! On arrival I'll pay postman \$1.00 plus postage, or 3 for just \$2.50 plus postage. (Cash orders sent prepaid.) If not delighted, I may return in 10 days for money back.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

LONDON SPECIALTIES

Dept. 175 8505 S. Phillips Ave., Chicago 17, Ill.

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**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

IMA SLOTH

STOP IT!
YOU'VE GOT
ME DOING
IT NOW!

MIGHT AS WELL
GO TO THE DOGS
AND BET A COUPLA
BISCUITS!

**Dog
Races**

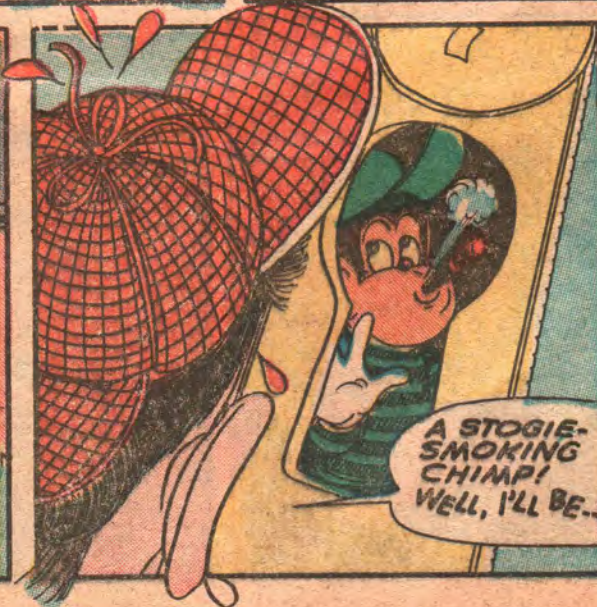
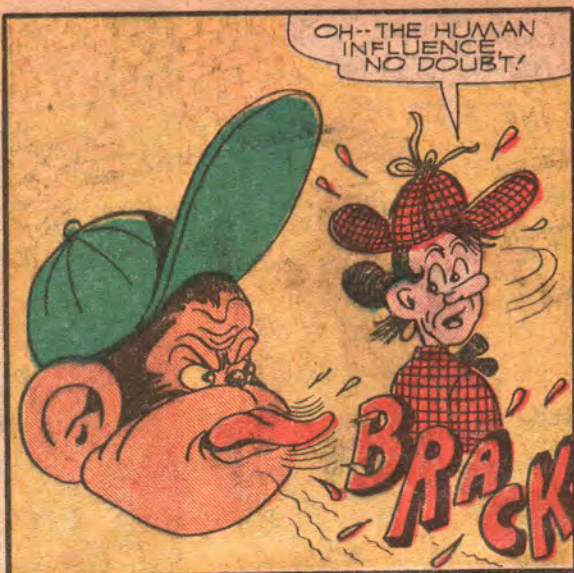
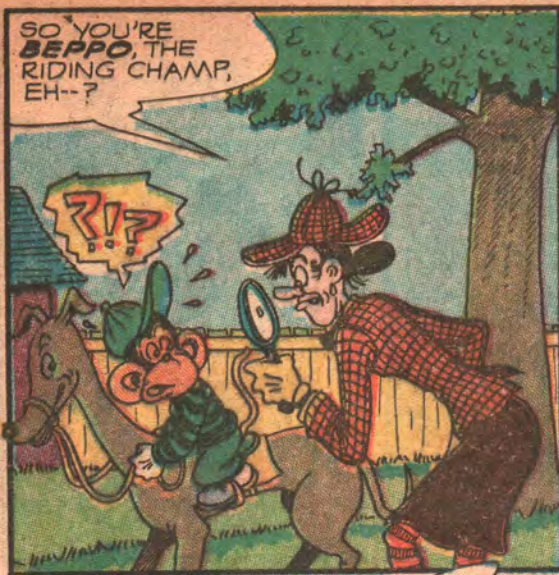
Box Office

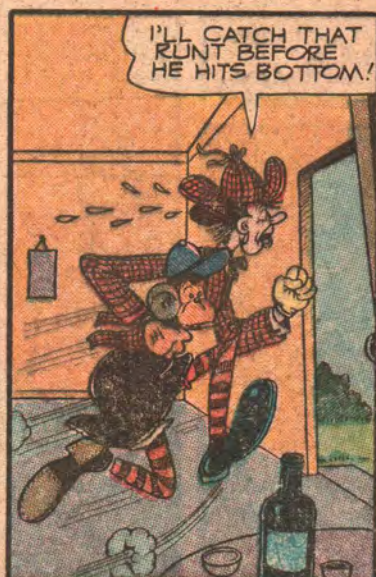
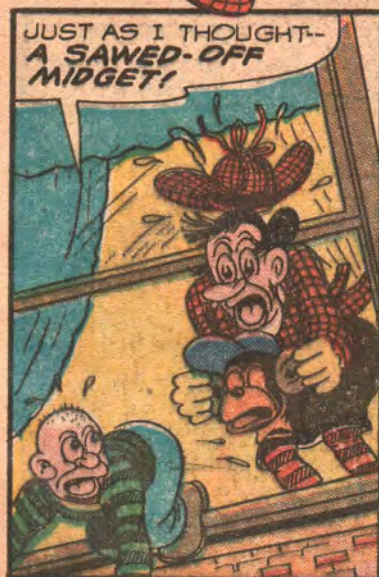
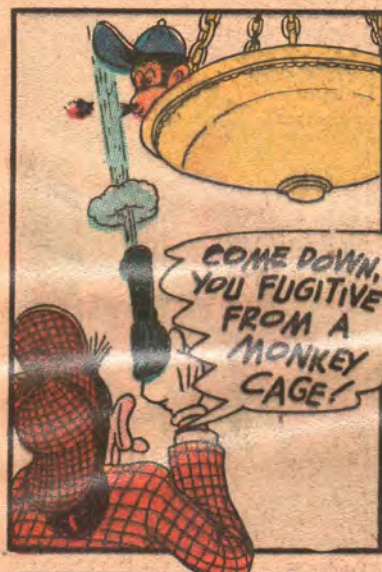
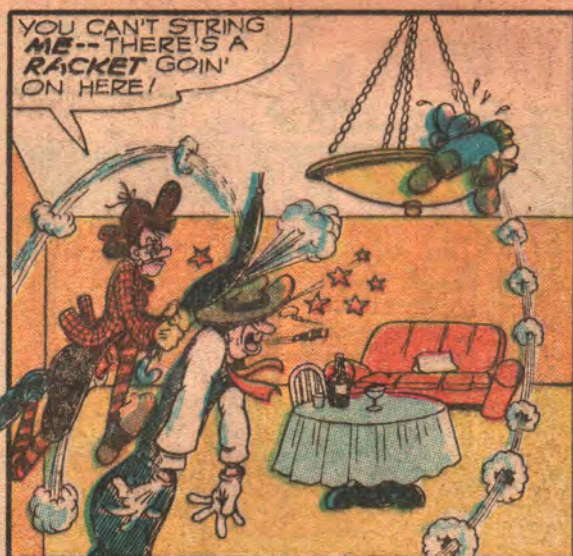
HELLO,
PINKY!
HOW--???

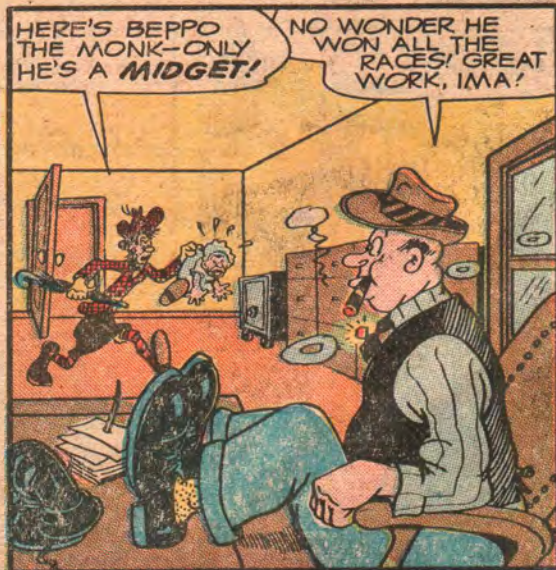
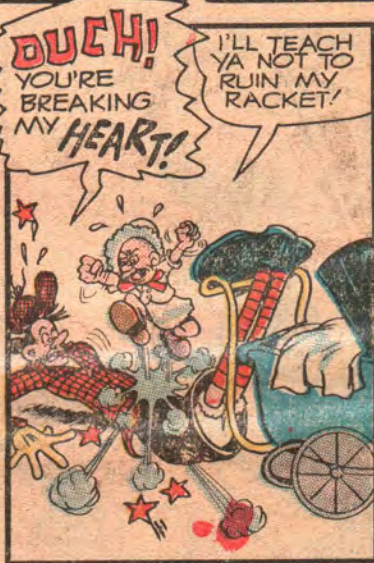
JUST A
MINNIT
IMA! WHERE
IS YER
TICKET?

DON'T I GET ANY
PROFESSIONAL
COURTESY AROUND
HERE, YOU **LIVER-
BRAINED**
BLOODHOUND!









MR.

E

Pain and suffering of thousands of polio victims was about to end. Laughter and joy spread thru the wards of the Silver Springs Foundation--until unexpected death appeared. -- Mr. "E" volunteered to recover the secret of healing--but the odds were 100 to 1 against him!



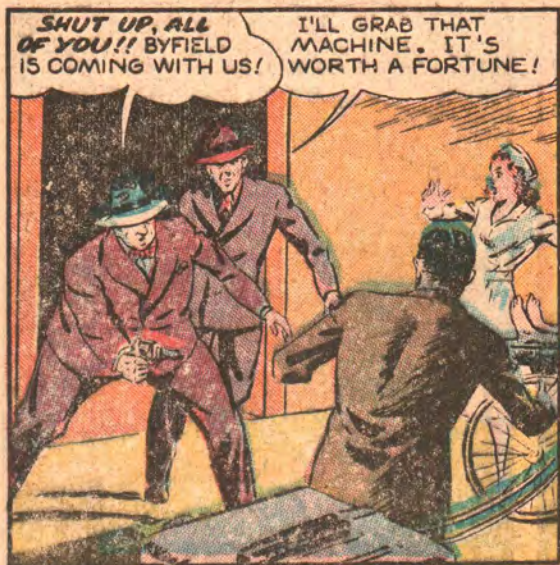
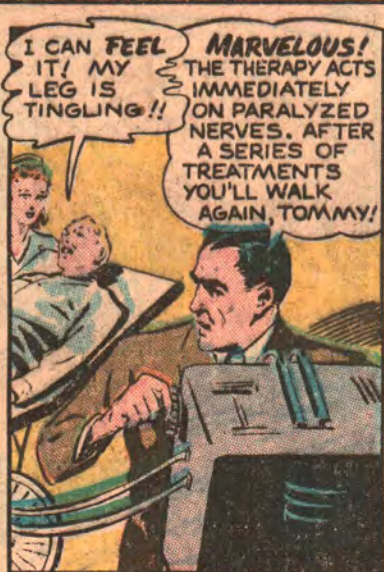
PROFESSOR BYFIELD IS DUE HERE ANY MOMENT. YOU THINK IT WILL STORM?

IT LOOKS DARK, DR. GLADWYN. BUT WHY SHOULD RAIN PREVENT BYFIELD FROM DEMONSTRATING HIS NEUROVITALIZER?



HA-HA-HA! IT WILL BE FAIR WEATHER FOR THE FOUL PLAY OF FIENDS, MY DEAR DOCTOR!







An hour after dawn...

SPIKE AND I
WILL SNOOP AROUND
WHILE YOU'RE GETTING
THE FACTS INSIDE, MR. "E".

THESE FOOTPRINTS
ARE A DAY OLD, SPIKE,
BUT THEY CAN TELL US
THINGS THE DETECTIVES
WOULD NEVER DISCOVER.

THE DEEP MARKS
WERE MADE BY
PROF. BYFIELD.
HE'S BIG AND
HEAVY.

I'D MAKE A BETTER
COP THAN YOU, TIM
SEE WHAT HAPPENED
HERE?

YES--AND THE
KILLERS HAD
PARKED THEIR
CAR BY THAT TREE.
I'LL RUN AND TELL
MR. "E"!

WE'RE AFTER THREE
KILLERS, NOT TWO
CHIEF! LET'S HEAD
FOR THE NEAREST
LAKE OR RIVER.

WHO-WHAT
WAS THAT
LITTLE CREATURE,
MR. "E"??

LOOKED LIKE A
DOLL OR A
PUPPET--ONLY
IT WAS ALIVE!

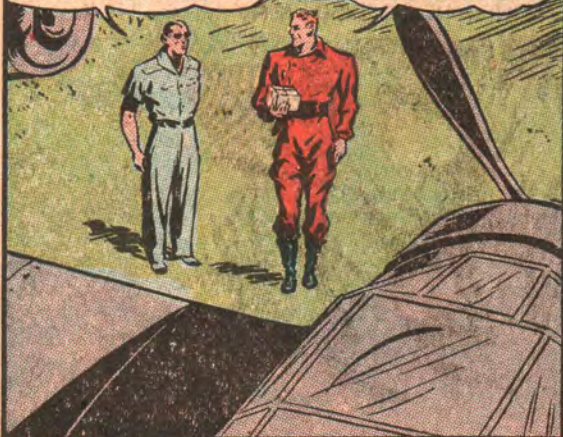
I DIDN'T SEE A THING,
DR. CARLSON. THANKS FOR
THE INFORMATION ABOUT
BYFIELD AND HIS
KIDNAPERS. DON'T
PAY THE RANSOM.

THE KILLERS DEMAND
A HALF MILLION RANSOM
FOR THE RELEASE OF
BYFIELD AND HIS
NEUROVITALIZER.

WHAT'S THE
LOWDOWN, MR. "E"?
WE'RE GOING TO
CHARTER A PLANE
AT THE NEAREST
AIRPORT.

YOU-YOU'VE GOT A **HALF MILLION** IN THAT PACKAGE? WH-WHERE YOU MAKIN' THE PAYOFF?

I'VE GOT TO BAIL OUT OVER THE DISMAL SWAMP WHEN WE SEE THE SIGNAL. BRING ME A PARACHUTE.



NOTHING BUT A BLOCK OF WOOD WRAPPED IN PAPER! MR. 'E'S GOT SOME NERVE.

THE KILLERS FIGURED A SMART SCHEME BY DEMANDING A HOSTAGE TO DROP FROM THE SKY WITH THE RANSOM.



WHAT IF THERE'S A G-MAN WITH A SHORT WAVE RADIO IN THAT PLANE, TUSK?

DON'T BE A DOPE, OTTO. **LOOK!!** A GUY IS BAILING OUT!

MY PLAN WON'T WORK IF THE WIND BLOWS US BEYOND THE SWAMP ISLAND AND THEY COME OUT FOR ME IN A BOAT.

WE'RE NOT DRIFTING MUCH. YOU'LL LAND ON THE END OF THE ISLAND.



THERE HE IS - NEAR THE BANK. HE'S GOT A PACKAGE!

MAYBE IT'S DYNAMITE! START SHOOTING, OTTO!



ALLEY OOP! DROOPS! NOW UP AND AT 'EM, TIM!



THROW THEIR GUNS INTO THE UNDERBRUSH AND THEY'LL BE HELPLESS!







THAT'S THE STUFF,
FELLAS! WATCH OUT
FOR MY FEET!!!



OUCH! BUT I MADE IT!
SAVE A PIECE OF HIS FACE
FOR ME, FELLAS!



AND THE THIRD KILLER
TURNS OUT TO BE THE
KIDNAP VICTIM. PROF.
BYFIELD!

SURE-- HE HIRED
HIS KIDNAPERS. THEIR FOOTPRINTS
SHOWED THAT
WHEN THEY REACHED
THEIR CAR, BYFIELD
WALKED AROUND IT-
ALONE!



THERE'S A LANDING SLIP
DOWN BY THE SAWMILL.
TAKE US THERE, PROFESSOR
AND NO TRICKS!!



At nightfall..

KEEP AN EYE ON HIM,
SHERIFF. HE MIGHT TRY
SUICIDE. I'VE GOT TO HURRY
OVER TO SILVER SPRINGS.

BYFIELD'S ETHICAL
REPUTATION IN
MEDICINE WOULD HAVE
BEEN RUINED IF HE'D
TRIED TO PROFIT BY
HIS DISCOVERY. HE
PLANNED HIS
KIDNAPING
CLEVERLY.

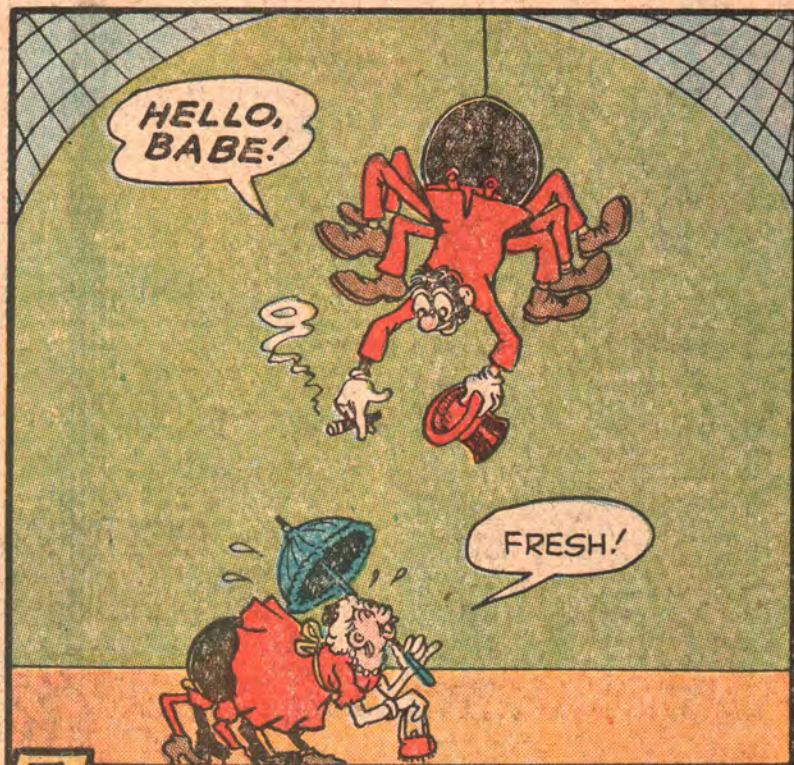
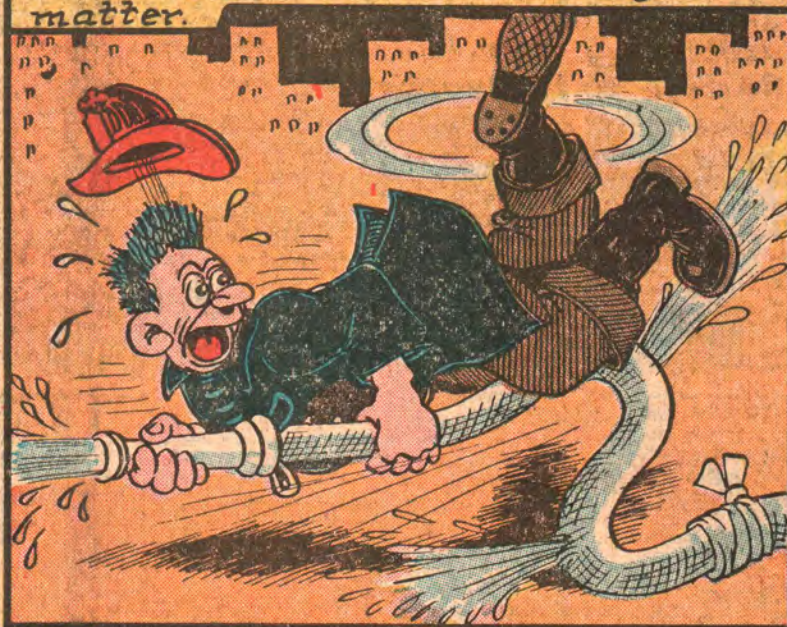
HE'D HAVE
GOTTEN
AWAY
WITH IT
AND BEEN A
HERO - IF
YOU HADN'T
SHOWN UP,
MR."E".



When Mr."E" reaches home..

ALL WISE AND POWERFUL KING
KOLAH, I HUMBL Y REPORT
THAT ONE KILLER IS DEAD,
ANOTHER IS LOST IN A
SWAMP AND A THIRD IS IN JAIL
AWAITING TRIAL FOR MURDER!

Water does not put out a fire because it is wet! It is used to shut off the oxygen and lowers the kindling point of the burning matter.



HELLO, BABE!

FRESH!

The spider spins the finest and strongest thread there is. It has greater tensility than steel.

**It's
FA**



Cattle that get of exercise have meat than lazy

**MORE
WOMEN
THAN
MEN
LIVE
TO BE
70 YEARS
OLD!**



I'M LE
THAT'S
HOT
COM

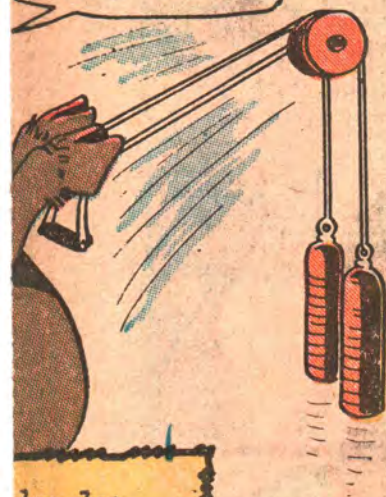


Twen
minu
boilit
make
water
to d

a CT

Alcohol does not warm up the body. If Arctic explorers used alcohol, they would freeze to death. It has the sensation of warming the body for it reddens and warms the skin. Actually, it causes the warm blood to rise to the surface of the body, where it is chilled and returns cold in the internal organs.

I SHOULD MAKE
THE MARKET
THIS YEAR!



plenty
tenderer
cattle.

AVING!
TOO
FOR
PORT!

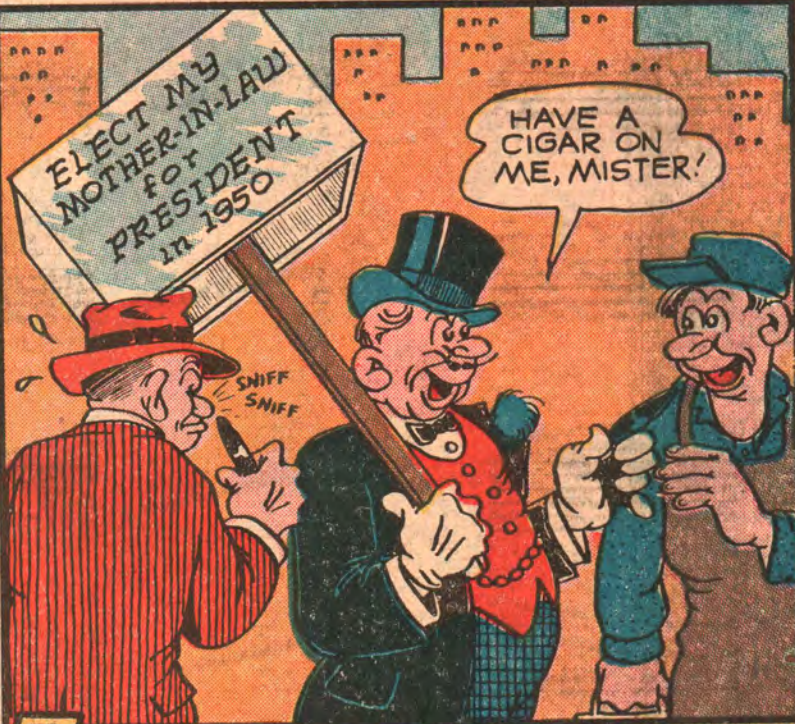
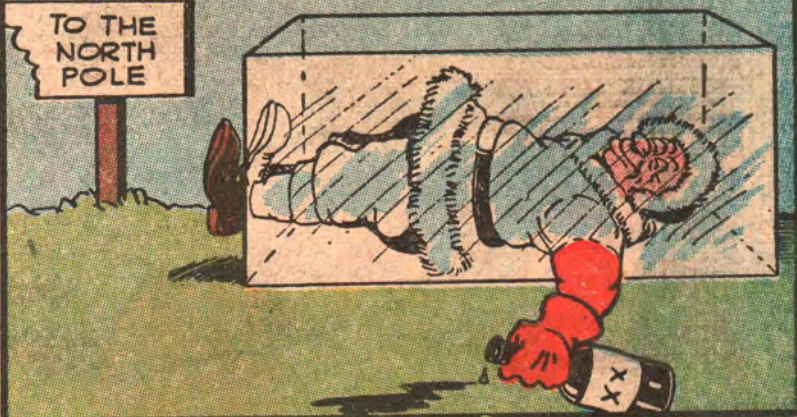


y
es
g will
any
safe
ink!

**DIAMOND
DUST
IS
THE
HARDEST
KNOWN
ABRASIVE**



TO THE
NORTH
POLE

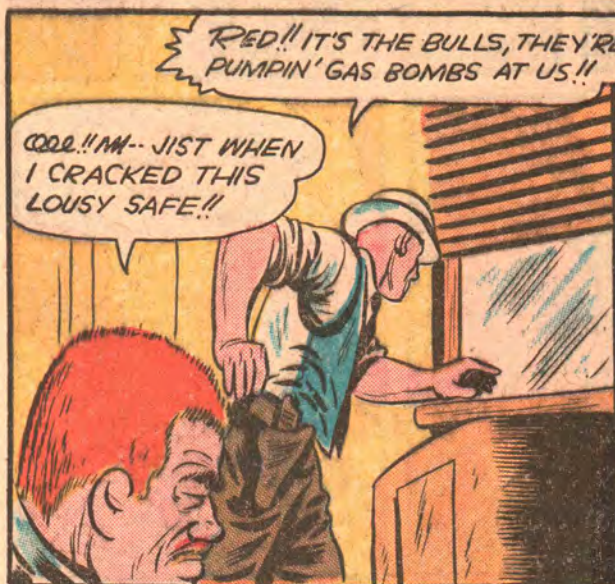


Every man elected to the presidency of the U.S. in the year ending in zero died in office. Harrison 1840--Lincoln 1860, McKinley 1900--Harding 1920--Roosevelt 1940

Finish of a ... Tough Guy



Red O'Leary was a typical desperado in appearance with his red hair, bristling moustache, and his ugly, heavy-jawed face While his huge neck and shoulders, his big head and powerful hands impressed one with his physical powers he weighed nearly three hundred pounds, and his pals pointed with pride that he wore a bigger hat than any politician in America size eight and a quarter!





RED WAS HELD IN LUDLOW ST. JAIL IN NEW YORK CITY, AND WAS VISITED OFTEN BY HIS WIFE, AND A FRIEND "BUTCH" McCARTHY....

WE GOT A FLAT IN THE TENEMENT NEXT DOOR...THERE'S JUST A WALL BETWEEN IT AND YOUR BATHROOM

GOOD WORK!

GOIN' UP T'THE BATHROOM T'WASH UP A BIT OFFICER!!

DON'T BE LONG RED!

ONE DAY, A FEW WEEKS LATER!

IF I LOOSEN THESE BRICKS, I SHOULD FIND THE TUNNEL THEY'VE DUG....HERE IT IS!!

GOOD WORK RED, YA MADE IT EASY!!

YEH, WELL LET'S BLOW BEFORE THEY FIND THE TUNNEL WE DUG!!

GLORY BE!!!...O'LEARY'S ESCAPED!!

GLAD YOU GOT OUR STUFF PACKED HONEY, NOW LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!!

AND, SO O'LEARY FLED TO EUROPE TO ESCAPE HIS JUST PUNISHMENT.....

BETTER STAY ON THE OTHER SIDE 'TIL THEY TURN OFF THE HEAT BACK IN THE STATES!



THINGS SHOULD BE
COOLED OF BY NOW
MOLLY LET'S TAKE
THE NEXT BOAT!!

EUROPE, ONE YEAR LATER:



I DON'T WANT ANYONE
TO KNOW I'M BACK UNTIL I
SEE HOW THINGS HAVE
BEEN GOING, SO DON'T
GET IN TOUCH WITH
ANY OF OUR
FRIENDS!!

SURE RED!
GOOD IDEA!!



HERE WE ARE
RED!! NOW
WHAT?



...NOW WE LAY LOW FOR
AWHILE, 'TIL WE SEE HOW
THE LAND LIES!!



WELL, WELL, THIS
NEWS'LL BE WORTH
DOUGH TO THE
COPS!!



THAT WAS ONE OF OUR STOOL-PIGEONS
PAT! RED O'LEARY'S BACK IN TOWN,
THIS TIME HE'S GOING TO TRIAL,
PICK HIM UP!!



O.K. RED!! IT'S THE BLUE-
BOYS...YOU HAVEN'T GOT A
CHANCE...SO COME ALONG
EASY-LIKE!!

ONE HOUR LATER!



DUE TO THE
FACT THAT
THE EVIDENCE
AGAINST O'LEARY
WAS MEAGER,
AND THAT
RED HIRED
TOP-NOTCH
LAWYERS, THE
STATE HAD
TROUBLE IN
PROVING
THEIR CASE...

AND





DON'T BE TOO LATE TONIGHT, WILLYA RED!!

DON'T WAIT UP FOR ME BABY! CAN'T TELL WHEN I'LL GET HOME!!



WELCOME BACK RED! WHAT'LL YA HAVE??

HIYA RED!

EVERYTHIN' BOYS LET'S MAKE A BIG NIGHT OUTTA THIS!!



HOURS LATER, THEY ALL STAGGER OUT OF THE TAVERN!!

SHAY, LOOK!! HERE'S A BRICK BOYS!!



...UP SHE GOES FER LUCK!!

THE BRICK TOSSED PLAYFULLY INTO THE AIR, LANDS SQUARE ON O'LEARY'S SKULL!!



THUD



H-HOW IS HE DOC??

I'M SORRY.. BUT THIS MAN IS DEAD!!

THUS, BY A BRICK THROWN IN THE AIR BY 'BILLY' TRAIN, A DRUNKEN EX-CONVICT, THE LAWLESS, AND RIOTOUS LIFE OF THE NOTORIOUS "RED" O'LEARY CAME TO A VIOLENT, IF NOT TRAGIC, END, AND THE BALANCE OF JUSTICE WAS MAINTAINED!

THE

ECHO



Bullets buzz like angry wasps when **THE ECHO** throws his voice at a pair of murder merchants. They can't put him on the spot because he's always heard, but seldom seen. **THE ECHO** knows that a live target is the best killer bait--but he finds it takes more than that to turn the tables on men who deal in **CORPSES--C.O.D!**

MISSED HIM AGAIN!

HEY! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING!



THE SECOND TIME - TODAY I'VE ALMOST BEEN STRUCK BY A CAR. MAYBE JANE WAS RIGHT IN HAVING THAT DOC COME TO GIVE ME A CHECK-UP!



BUT THE DOC JANE CALLED
IN, DIDN'T GIVE ME A THOROUGH
EXAMINATION. I'M GOING TO
HAVE DR. DOOM LOOK
ME OVER!



I THOUGHT DOC'S
OFFICE HOURS
WERE SEVEN TO
EIGHT, CORA!

HE MAKES
EXCEPTIONS.
ECHO, THE MAN
WHO JUST CAME
IN LOOKS TERRIFIED--
AND IS TRYING HARD
TO CONCEAL IT!



NOTHING WRONG
WITH YOU, BILL.
WHAT DOES
YOUR WIFE
THINK IS THE
TROUBLE?

DON'T
KNOW,
DOC!
SHE'S
TELLING
EVERYONE
THAT I HAVE
DIZZY SPELLS.
BUT I FEEL FINE!



HAVE YOU
HAD ANY
ACCIDENTS?

NO-- BUT
TWICE
TODAY I
WAS ALMOST
STRUCK BY
A CAR!



JUST YOUR NERVES,
BILL. TAKE THESE
PILLS. YOU'LL
BE ALL RIGHT.



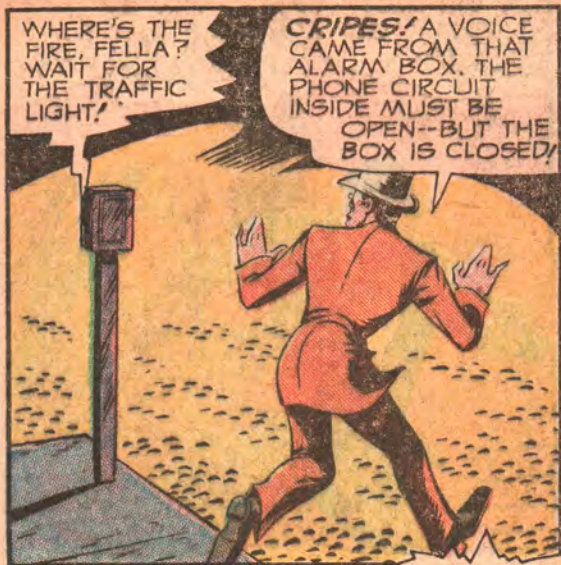
THANKS, DOC. I'LL
TRY TO GET
MORE SLEEP!



QUICK, ECHO! JUMP
INTO YOUR SHOES
AND SLIP ON A
COAT! I WANT
YOU TO FOLLOW
BILL NORTON!

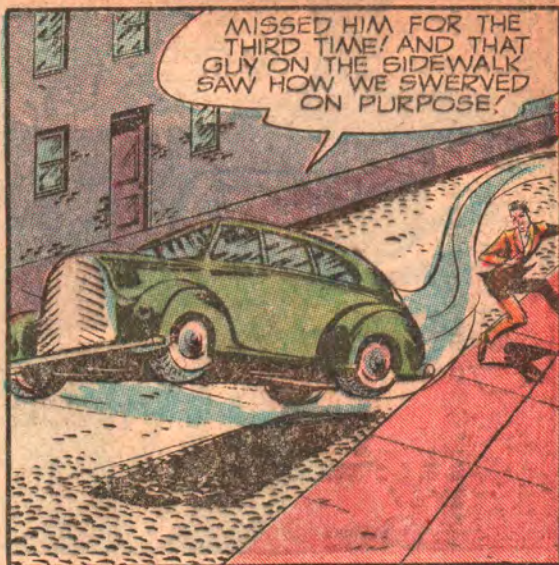
YOUR
HUNCHES ARE
ALWAYS HOT,
DOC. I'LL KEEP
AN EYE
ON HIM!





WHERE'S THE FIRE, FELLA? WAIT FOR THE TRAFFIC LIGHT!

CRIPES! A VOICE CAME FROM THAT ALARM BOX. THE PHONE CIRCUIT INSIDE MUST BE OPEN--BUT THE BOX IS CLOSED!



MISSED HIM FOR THE THIRD TIME! AND THAT GUY ON THE SIDEWALK SAW HOW WE SWERVED ON PURPOSE!



THAT WAS A DELIBERATE ATTEMPT TO HIT ME!

HOW MUCH LIFE INSURANCE DID YOU BUY FOR YOUR VICTIM?

HEAR THAT, OWL? HOW'D THAT VOICE GET IN HERE?



SOME WISE GUY HANGING ON THE REAR. THIS WILL THROW HIM--THEN WE'LL FINISH HIM ON THE WAY BACK!



THERE'S NOBODY HANGING ON, DUSTY! THAT VOICE MUST'VE COME FROM A WINDOW!

WE'VE GOTTA FIND **WHOSE VOICE** IT WAS--AND SILENCE THE GUY FOR KEEPS! LET'S CIRCLE THE BLOCK!



SEE HOW HE RAN OVER THE CURB DOWN THERE? MUST BE A DRUNKEN DRIVER!

DON'T KID YOURSELF, MR. NORTON! SOMEBODY WANTS TO PUT YOU OUT OF CIRCULATION!



BUT I
HAVEN'T
ANY
ENEMIES!

SOMETIMES A MAN'S
FAMILY OR FRIENDS
CAN PROFIT BY HIS
DEATH! DO YOU
CARRY LIFE
INSURANCE?



LET 'EM HAVE
IT, DUSTY! GO
OVER 'EM
GOOD!

DROP THAT
CHOPPER AND
REACH, CHUM!

WHA-?



SNEAK UP
BEHIND ME,
WILL YA?
**THIS'LL
SHUT YOUR
BIG YAP!**

NO, DUSTY!
THE VOICE
CAME FROM
OVER
THERE!



HE STARTED
SHOOTING
AT US! WHAT
MADE HIM
TURN?

I DID!
I THREW
MY VOICE
BEHIND
HIM. DON'T
MOVE UNTIL
THEY DRIVE
OFF!



I'LL GET THIS
TAXI AND
TAKE YOU
HOME, WHAT
ABOUT LIFE
INSURANCE?
GOT ANY?

NO. MY
WIFE
ASKED ME
TO GET A
POLICY. I
TOLD HER
IT WAS A
WASTE OF
MONEY.



At Bill Norton's apartment--

OH! I WAS
WORRIED ABOUT
YOU, BILL! WHO'S
YOUR FRIEND?

THE ECHO!
YOU'VE READ
ABOUT HIM IN
THE PAPERS. HE
JUST SAVED
MY LIFE!



YOU MUST TELL ME
ALL ABOUT IT, ECHO!
LET ME MIX
YOU A DRINK!



PSST! DON'T SLIP HIM
THAT DRINK, BABY!
WE'LL GET HIM
WHEN HE LEAVES!



I PUT TOO MUCH
SODA IN IT, ECHO!
YOU'D BETTER
MIX YOUR OWN!

THANKS, MRS.
NORTON. ER, SAY,
HAVEN'T I SEEN
YOU SOMEWHERE?
YOU USED TO
SING, DIDN'T YOU?



SURE, AT THE SHORE
CLUB. TONI GAVE
UP A PROMISING
CAREER TO MARRY
ME, ECHO!

HO--HUM. I'D
BETTER RUN
ALONG, FOLKS.
IF YOU NEED
ME, I LIVE AT
ONE-FIFTEEN
CLINTON
DRIVE!

HEAR
THAT,
DUSTY?
WE'LL
GET HIM
OVER
THERE!
LET'S
GO!



While the killers lie in
ambush at the wrong
address, The Echo
works fast--

YOU WERE
RIGHT ABOUT
NORTON, DOC.
GET DRESSED
QUICK! WHERE'S
THE ECHO
DUMMY?

IN
THE
SPARE
ROOM
CLOSET.
WHO'S
GUNNING
FOR YOU?



TWO BIRDS HIRED BY
NORTON'S WIFE TO RUB
HIM OUT. HE TOLD HER
I WAS THE ECHO, BUT
EVEN SO I TRICKED
HER INTO REVEALING
HER GUILT!



WHERE ARE YOU
TAKING YOUR
PLASTER OF
PARIS TWIN,
ECHO?

TO THE REAR OF
A BUILDING AT
ONE FIFTEEN
CLINTON DRIVE.

MAYBE HE WENT
TO THE
COPS, OWL!

NO—HE'S A LONE
WOLF. HE WILL
SHOW UP ANY
MOMENT.



AND DON'T WORRY
ABOUT NORTON. HIS
WIFE WILL KEEP
HIM OUT OF
MISCHIEF UNTIL
WE'RE READY
FOR HIM!

IF SHE DON'T
WE CAN'T
COLLECT OUR
FEE FROM HER.
**HEY! LOOK
BACK THERE!**



THERE HE IS! I'LL
MAKE A "U" TURN
AN' YOU BE READY
TO GIVE HIM
THE BUSINESS!

I PHONED
CAPTAIN
HAGGERTY.
HE'S SENDING
TWO SQUAD
CARS!

I'LL HAVE
TO WORK
FAST! THE
KILLERS
WILL SKIP
WHEN THEY
HEAR POLICE
SIRENS!



HEAR THAT TOMMY
GUN, DOC? THE
DUMMY IS TAKING
A TERRIFIC
BEATING!



HE'S WEARING A
BULLETPROOF VEST!
JUST STANDS THERE
LAUGHING AT ME!

DON'T LET
HIM MAKE
SAPS OUT
OF US. AIM
AT HIS FACE
AND HEAD!



I FIRED ALL MY
SHOTS. CAN'T SEE
HOW I MISSED HIM.





OKAY, YOU PUNKS!
COME OUT ON
THE STREET WITH
YOUR HANDS UP!

THIS WAY,
OWL!
QUICK!



YOU DIDN'T SAVE A
SHOT FOR ME, DUSTY?
I'M INSULTED!



THIS OUGHT TO
MAKE YOU SADDER
BUT WISER,
MISTER OWL!



DUSTY STREIT
AND THE OWL!
WHAT A HAUL
YOU MADE,
ECHO!

SNAP THE
IRONS ON
THEM,
INSPECTOR.
WE'VE GOT
ANOTHER
PINCH TO
MAKE!



HEY--WHAT'S
THE IDEAP
ECHO AND
INSPECTOR
GREGG
DRIVING OFF
IN MY CAR!

I THINK
THEY'VE
GOT A
DATE WITH
A VERY
DEADLY
DAME,
CAPTAIN!



WHA--WHAT DO
YOU WANT? BILL
HAS GONE
TO BED!

WE WANT TO KNOW
HOW MUCH YOU
PROMISED TO
PAY DUSTY AND
THE OWL FOR
KILLING BILL!



I SEE IT NOW! THE
DOCTOR YOU
CALLED IN PASSED
ME FOR A LIFE
INSURANCE
POLICY!

LET
ME
GO!
YOU
CAN'T
PROVE IT!

NO?
YOUR
ONLY
DEFENSE
WITNESSES
ARE DUSTY
AND OWL--
AND THEY'RE
IN THE SAME
JAIL WE'RE
TAKING YOU TO!

INVITATION *to* DEATH

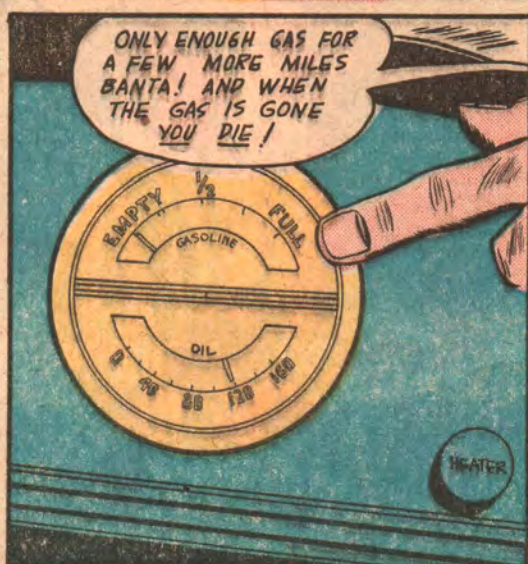
A TRUE CRIME CASE

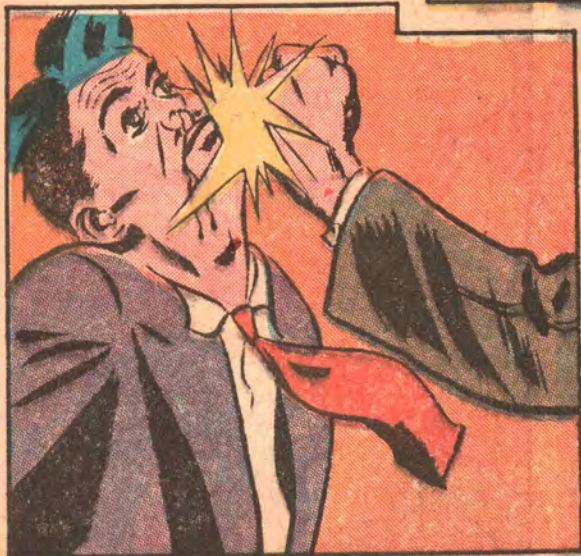
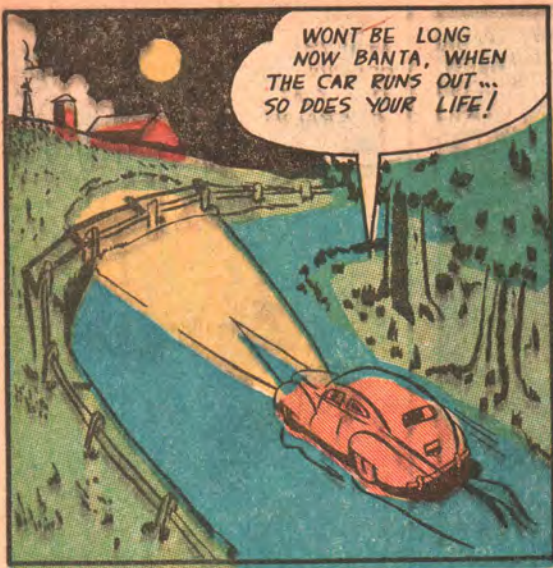
IN THIS STORY THREE
LIVES END ABRUPTLY
FOLLOWING RECEIPT BY
ONE ARTHUR BANTA OF A
MYSTERIOUS TELEPHONE
CALL IN THE ELKS
CLUB.....

I PHONED BANTA
AT THE ELKS' CLUB,
NOW TO WAIT FOR
HIM TO MEET ME
HERE!













BLOOD AND BLARNEY

TOM CASEY HAD A NOSE FOR CRIME

Joe Blake, night superintendent of the Morgan Works, seemed to love the oil and grease more than anything, for it was all over his clothes, his face and his hands.

He said to Tom Casey, the special detective hired to guard the payroll, "Watch those kids, Casey. They carry twenty grand for the night shift's payroll and we don't aim to lose it."

Casey kept his hand on the gun in his pocket and followed the clerks who carried the leather satchel. He wondered why the Morgan Works would send two such youngsters out for a bag full of lettuce at night time.

Casey shrugged. Oh, well, it was their business. The kids carrying the satchel were as carefree as if they had been going to the store for their mothers. It made Casey uneasy and jumpy, for they were passing the darkest part of the route at the moment.

In sight of the factory Casey breathed more easily. It would now be only a few hundred yards more and they'd be safely inside the fence. But he did not realize that even then a big man was creeping up on him from the alley he had just passed.

Casey felt a sort of sinking sensation in the pit of his stomach as a rough arm grabbed him about the neck. He twisted his body and tried to yank his gun from his pocket, but the big arms clamped his own at his sides as if he were in a vise. It went through Casey's mind that the crook was crazy to attack him, for the kids were now on the lam and c. trying the dough with them.

But he changed his mind suddenly. The big man fired two shots from behind Casey and the kids went down. Casey wrenched himself free and came up with his right, but the thug sidestepped quickly, brought the barrel of his gun down on Casey's nose.

Casey's head swam and blood spurted from each nostril. He could do no more for the kids who had been knocked off so coldly than to hang on. He tried for his gun again, but the crook took it out of his hands as if he was taking candy from a baby.

The detective clinched with his opponent, who now, too, was breathing heavily. Casey managed to get in a right to the other's wind and then a left to the jaw. But that was as far as he got. The reverse of the crook's gun came down on Casey's head, back of the ear, and Casey went down.

He did not entirely lose consciousness, knew

only that the crook was getting away with the payroll, leaving three people on the ground, two of them probably dead.

His first thought after his head cleared was to wonder if the kids were alive. Inspection showed that they were dead without a shadow of doubt. He wondered, too, why the crook had not killed him. Then he remembered the other had used a large revolver and that the report had been muffled. A silencer! Then the killer had not fired a third shot because he had not wanted to make any more noise to attract attention.

Casey entered the factory gates and notified the guard. Then he went inside to report to Blake.

Blake sat open mouthed, listening, letting tobacco juice run down his chin. He was a coarse man. Casey felt the disgust in Blake's stare. Without answering directly, Blake phoned police headquarters. Then he called the comptroller of the company, got him out of bed and reported the loss.

Department heads and company officers and police swarmed into the plant within the next half hour. Blake's attitude seemed to imply that he might think Casey had had a hand in the robbery himself.

"Got any ideas, Casey?" he asked at last, staring through small, beady eyes.

Casey took his hand from his pocket and as he did he let his gun drop to the floor. Blake dove for it and Casey dug his heel into the back of the superintendent's hand. Blake yelled out an oath.

"I think we ought to look in your pockets, Blake," Casey said.

The comptroller started from his chair. "Come, come, man! Be sensible!" he shouted.

"Too bad," said Casey, "that Blake forgot to wash his neck. He's got my nosebleed all over it, in spite of his putting on a clean jumper."

Blake roared, rose to his feet. Casey kicked his gun across the room and as Blake reached for his pocket, the detective sent a hard right to the man's jaw. He folded and went down in a heap. Casey felt a wave of satisfaction come over him, as a wad of bills fell from Blake's jumper.

"I knew no ordinary crook could smell so strongly of grease and oil. As a matter of fact, Blake did wash his neck for once. There wasn't a trace of blood there, but he fell for the gag."

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MY ALLFORDS RECEPTION IN _____

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DO YOU
DO WITH
THAT?

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POWDER INTO IT, THEN
WHEN IT DRIES, I
REMOVE THE RUBBER.

DOES THAT
MAKE A CAST
OF THE INDIAN?

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